

Thalidomide Poster

Make Distillers Pay. Slap up the pull-out on pp 12/13 on any convenient space.

Eating in Bangkok

All varieties of Oriental Hokey Pokey. Strange and Unusual antics, Buddha, as they say, is in the head. Page 11.

JFK-Speedfreak?!

Also Truman Capote, Tennessee Williams, Otto Preminger, and a bevy of American notables with but one thing in common. They fell into the hands of Magic Max. Page 10.



NASTY TALES TRIAL-OLD BAILEY; Jan. 15, 1973



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CATALOG

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upping, finished
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get himself sorted out.

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Price £1, hurry now, etc.
Contents of this affair: KALA with Shiva
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F CHRISTMAS giving out goodies LASERS
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JACKSON singing, some surprise superstar
guests, etc., gay persons particularly welcome,
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Key to this slightly questionable event is a
principle called TIME DRIVING by which
everyone is driven thru too much experience in
too short a time.
Tickets available from ITMAIL, and also
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CRADDOCK'S CRUSADE

SHRAKE AND SHRANK AND CRANK AND CRADDOCK
LIVED TOGETHER IN A Paddock,
EATING HASH AND SMOKING HADDOCK
TILL THE COWS CAME HOME.



ANGRY ANGUSES AND JERSEYS
CHASED THE PERVERTS OUT WITH PURSES
TO THE COURTHOUSE, WHICH OF COURSE IS
IN THE ASTRODOME.



FLAGG AND FOONT AND MOOT AND MITTY
(TOP ATTORNEYS FROM FAT CITY)
AND A CITIZENS' COMMITTEE
MADE OF SIXTEEN COPS,

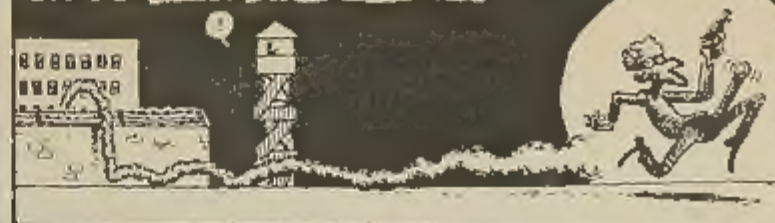
TWO SHORTSTOPS AND THEIR APPRENTICE,
SEVEN COOKS, A DUCK, A DENTIST,
AND A THIRTEENTH-DAY ADVENTIST
SAT THERE DRINKING SCHNAPPS.



WHEN THE FOUR WERE BROUGHT TO JURY
THEY WERE SENTENCED TO MISSOURI,
THERE TO LIVE ON BREAD AND PUREE,
MAKING LICENSE PLATES.



CRADDOCK, THOUGH, AN ACE ESCAPIST,
BLEW THE JOINT DRESSED AS A RAPIST,
LEAVING ALL THE REST TO STAY PISSED
OFF AT THEIR DIRE STRAITS.



SHRAKE AND SHRANK FEIGNED RIGOR MORTIS,
CRANK DEBARKED UPON A TORTOISE,
BUT THE TRUE AND TEARFUL PART IS
NO ONE GOT AWAY.



PUT TO WORK AS MONKEY-WRENCHERS,
THEY FORSOOK THEIR FORMER VENTURES.
NOW THEY SIT AND CLICK THEIR DENTURES
AT THE P.T.A.




MEANWHILE, CRADDOCK EVER WANDERS,
EVER SCHEMES AND EVER PONDERES,
PLOTING WITH THE WOLVES AND CONDORS
MANKIND'S OVERTHROW.

AND THEIR SLOGAN, SCRAWLED IN FECES,
IS A WARNING TO OUR SPECIES:
"BROTHERS, IF YOU SEES WHAT WE SEES,
LET YOUR CHICKENS GO!"



WORDS BY LIEUEN ADKINS • PICTURES BY GILBERT SHELTON



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Paul Wolcher 1972

IT, 11b Wardour Mews, LONDON W.1.

Dear It

I was interested to read about the fishy researches into the marketing of legalised dope by Rothman's advertising agency. It is now generally accepted in the States that legalisation is bound to come and that when it does the big tobacco combines not to mention the distilleries will be ready for it. The ever persistent rumour is that such trade names such as Acapulco Gold or Lebanese Red have been patented. None of the interested companies have admitted to their plans, of

course, but it is known that the Defence Department has released some top-secret research on the mass preparation and marketing of THC. The Wall Street Journal recently: "Despite public disclaimers that they're tooling up for production of marijuana cigarettes, some tobacco manufacturers confess that it's probably just a matter of time. Says a spokesman for one large company: 'Once it's legalised, it would take six months at most to have production rolling.'"

Take care,
John Roys,
Putney, London

DEAR IT:

I am of course gratified that yours was the only national paper of any repute to review my collection of penances on The Monarchy. How sad therefore that your reviewer, Mr Jerrom, should cheapen his thoughtful examination of my little oeuvre by advising readers not to buy it.

Nor did I appreciate my viewpoint being described as 'eccentric'.

I am sorry that Mr Jerrom has a hostile attitude to the

monarchy. Resulting it seems from the punishment he received for urinating during the funeral service of George VI. My dear Mr Jerrom! How wrong that headmistress of yours was to 'savage' your 'ass' for what you did. Your action was not a crime, but rather in the glorious tradition of right royal occasions. When the monarchy was great—and it will be great again, mark my words—the attendants at the court would relieve themselves when and where the need came upon them. In the palaces of old the rushes on the floor had a homely sogginess, and everywhere tall glittering arcs of urine, dancing in the shafts of sunlight that beamed through the tall arrowslit windows. You may be sure that the subjects of the crown were loyal to the ha-kbone, and they had relaxed bladders.

Ah merrie England!

Yours,
Norman Bormann
c/o 1 St John's Square,
Wakefield, Yorkshire

DEAR IT:

Has Edward Barker sold out? Why is he spending his time drawing ads—doubtless for MONEY!!! Come

back Edward, and draw cartoons.

An ardent fan.

DEAR IT:

I have a query about the Edward cartoon on Ireland in your last issue. Briefly, is the pie in the sky labelled Unity an aggressive pie coming in, as I fondly imagine, to strafe the soldiery, or is the unity pie forever up there in the sky? The difference is crucial.

One armed love (try it),
Jake,
Northants.

DEAR IT:

Are your letters real?

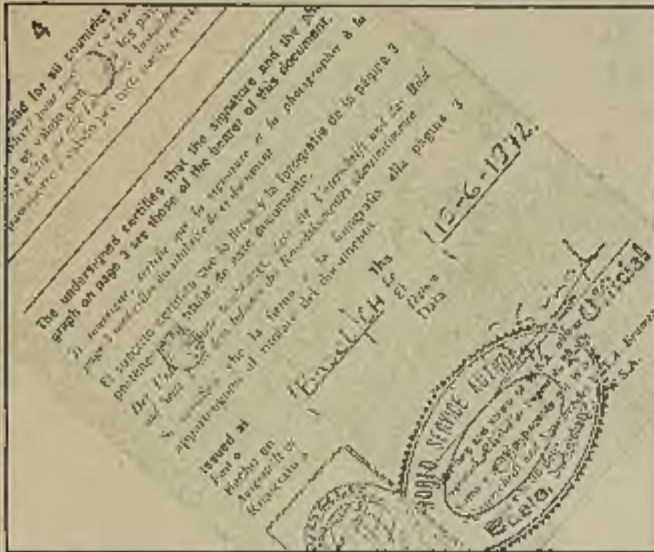
Alan, Ted, Lucy and Frogna! the goat,
Wells, Norfolk

DEAR IT:

Congratulations to Andrew Butcher for his illustration of WH Auden in the last issue.

Fred O'Green
13 Emperors Gate, SW7

We Own The World



A page from the World Passport. For more details see the latest OZ.

Jim Haynes writes from Paris:

There was a theory making the rounds some time ago that the participant was the best informed, that 'objective' journalism did not exist, that learning was doing, etc etc... I know because I helped push these ideas around myself.

Now for some time I have been working with Garry Davis and World Government. We have issued a World Passport, and this is only the beginning. The British government, in the form of verbal encounters in several places, have suggested that our World Passport is a joke. We agree. All passports are a joke! But our World Passports work. Yes, my dears, it works. Based upon THE UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS (Get a copy right away from your nearest United Nations Information Centre), our World Passport is mandated by Article 13, Section 2, which states that all humans have the human right to travel, and this has been signed by all member states in the United Nations. Now if the British Government thinks it is a joke, why did they bother to sign this Declaration?

If you want to become a World Citizen, write Garry Davis/Jim Haynes, WORLD SERVICE AUTHORITY, 4002 Basle, Switzerland, and an application form will be posted to you. Return the forms, properly filled in, with three passport photos, and two pounds sterling, five dollars, 25 French francs, etc etc (take your choice) to cover our costs and postage, and we will send you a World Passport.

True Story: A friend went to the Egyptian Embassy in Paris to get a visa for travel to Egypt in his World Passport. This visa normally costs some thirty francs, but my friend was pleasantly informed that there would be no charge for World Citizens...

Just think when anyone asks you where you are from, you now will be able to answer Earth. "I am an Earthling!" And when they tell you to cut the shit, and ask you what passport you are carrying, you flash them your World Passport.

Avant Garde Theatre: Anyone can be a one man or one woman street theatre performer blowing many minds daily. With your World Passport, go to your nearest Embassy of the government of your choice, and ask them for a visa to their country for your World Passport. If they refuse, show them a copy of the UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS, and ask them if their country is in the United Nations? Ask them as well if they recognise the human right to travel? It doesn't say in the Declaration that one has to travel on a national passport; it simply says that we humans have the right to explore ALL of this world of ours. YES, ALL!

By the way keep us informed. Let us know which Embassies accept our World Passports and which don't... Keep on truckin'!

BELFAST: Not a single British paper bothered to report the anti harassment conference held at Queen's university, Belfast, recently, in which a Shankill Road Councillor, and a UDA commander joined with Northern Ireland Civil Rights representatives in condemning harassment, particularly by the peras. In fact the only paper that did give any publicity to the meeting was the unionist Belfast Telegraph, which printed scare headlines in an effort to get the protestant participants what is known in Belfast these days as "a third earhole".

ST ALBANS: Watch out, there's a copper about, as Mrs Norma Jenkins discovered at St Albans Crown Court on November 27, when Marcus Anwyl Davies, QC, the judge, jailed her for nine months. She had been found with 94 grammes of cannabis which she claimed she took in her tea to relieve a bronchial condition. Mr Anwyl Davies was of course totally uninfluenced by the fact that Mrs Jenkins, who has four small children, is black.

Gay Cops

LONDON: Say one thing for the Tory government, they have at least relaxed discrimination against gay people in one area. Reversing the Wilson government's puritanical edict, gay members of the Security forces are once again being promoted. Readers might also like to know that the new head of the security forces is Sir Louis de Balli.

PORNOGRAPHY: Notoriety has, it seems, affected Lord Longford's always dubious brain. An Italian journalist, in England recently, requested an interview with the Lord. The interview was granted, and the journalist later handed an invoice for £50.

LONDON: The late appearance of the newest issue of OZ, together with magazines such as Quorum and Follow Up, is caused by the refusal of certain binding contractors to handle the work. This seems to be an independent move on behalf of the workers' concerned; Mr Joe Flynn, general secretary of SOGAT (Society of Graphical and Allied Trades) denied that the union was behind these decisions, saying: "Those firms are lying. There has been no such directive sent out. In fact, our members even work on International Times, which, I think, shows they're not narrow-minded."

POLICE CLUB: "Scotland Yard has become the unofficial headquarters for the strangest club ever formed in Britain, the exclusive band of policemen against whom a complaint has been laid by the public. They call it the "163 Club". The title is taken from the number on the form given to policemen to fill in when complaints are made against them. Moves to found the club have been going on secretly for months, and a club tie has been designed by a group of London detectives. It is navy blue, with a single white diagonal stripe, on which is a wreath of laurel leaves with the figure 163 in the centre.

"A senior Yard detective said, "It will be an honour to belong to this club." From the Sun, 22 November 1965. Must have grown a bit meanwhile.

Stoned Mice

LONDON: At last scientists have discovered an efficient method of using cannabis for research purposes on animals. Previously, researchers have had to inject the hapless rats and mice with a solution of cannabis in ethyl alcohol. The rodents then got horrifically stoned, and sometimes took an unhealthy liking for the stuff. Result: science proclaims that cannabis is addictive and nasty. But who is to know that the animals were not being affected by the ethyl alcohol? Now they have discovered how to dissolve cannabis in water, and for the first time scientific reports on cannabis might take on some validity.

Evans Again

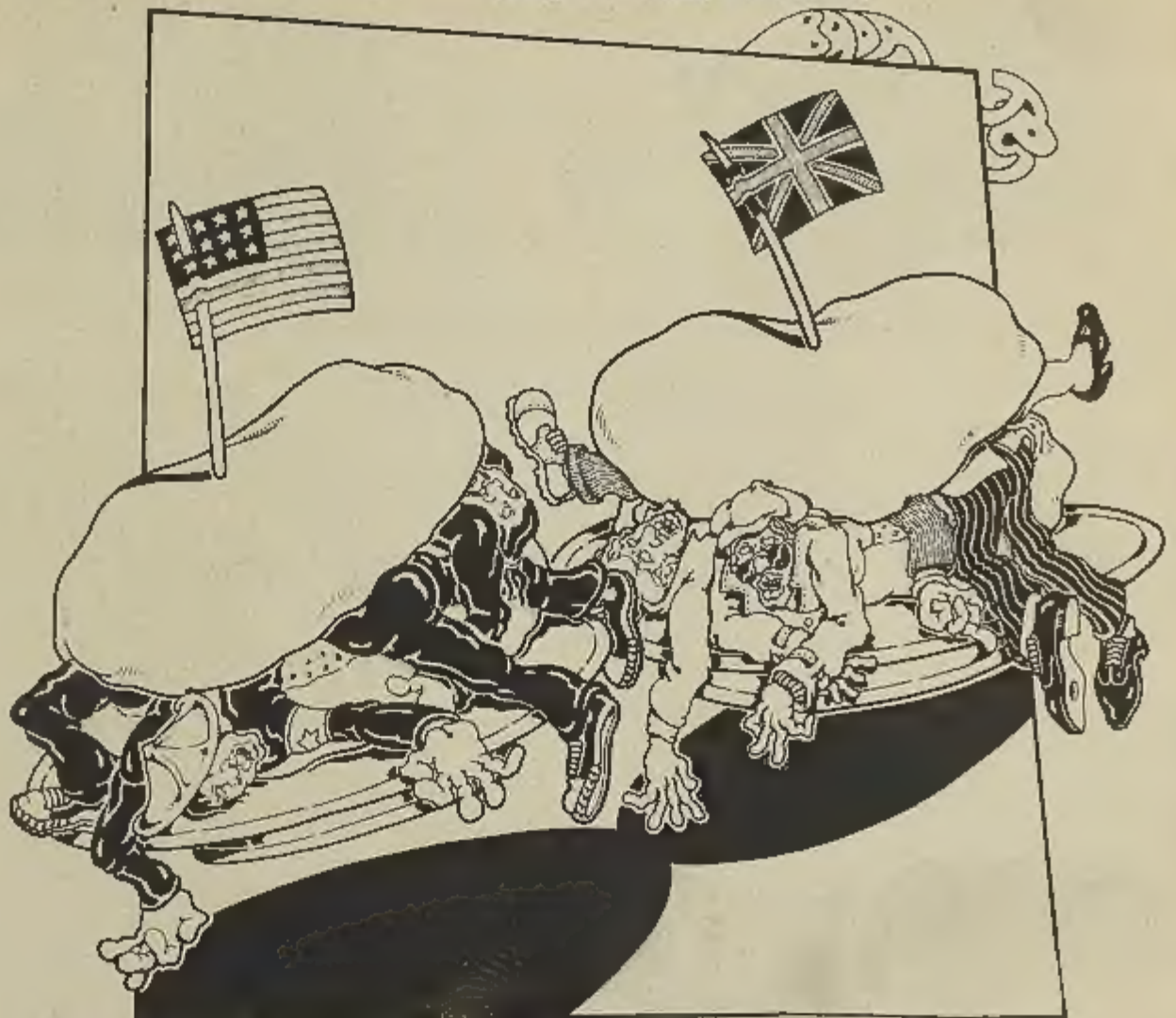
LONDON: So the police have cautioned Harry Evans, editor of the Sunday Times, as part of their investigations into how the Sunday Times got hold of a 'confidential' Department of the Environment document which suggests cutting the present railway network in half. Police have already searched the offices of Railway Gazette in pursuit of their enquiries, and we used to think we wuz unique.

In fact Evans' printing of the document was well worthwhile. Railways are definitely the best form of travel ever invented. The British network has already been cut by half since nationalisation (the former owners are still receiving payment), and 210,000 men have been sacked since 1963, all in search of the ludicrous idea of making a profit on the railways. As it happens, in the last three years the railways have made an operating profit of £138 million, but against this they had to pay £129 million to the money lenders of the city of London in interest charges on loans.

No one of course suggests that the roads should be made to make a profit, possibly because of the powerful lobby called the British Road Federation, composed of firms with an interest in ever increased development of roads which includes petrol firms like Shell, road transport firms, and the undertakers' association (more deaths on the motorways means more coffins sold, la business, mate).

BADAJOS:

Ed Badajos, author of the highly acclaimed 'Filipino Food', and long time cartoonist for the American U/G Press, will be running a regular cartoon in IT next year. Here is the first.



Same old hamburger: when do we start calling the micks - gooks?

A Brandt-new Era?

"The British themselves set the trend by purging factories in the Ruhr of communist shop stewards and working hard to ensure the renewed success of many of those 'captains of industry' who had helped Hitler to power..."



Karl, Wonne, & doctored banknotes: all part of the election campaign. Ja, Willy, Soziale Marktwirtschaft ist besser.

BY Chris Adamson

BONN:—Willy Brandt's victory in the German elections was acclaimed throughout the country as a sign of the country's increased maturity and the dawning of a new era in German politics. The election results might seem at first to bear out this analysis:

	1969	1972
Total Vote	96.7%	91.2%
SPD (s-democrat)	42.7	45.9
CDU (conservative)	36.6	35.2
CSU (liberal)	9.5	8.6
FDP (liberal)	5.8	8.4
DKP (communist)	5.3	0.3
NPD (fascist)	4.3	0.6

The fascists have virtually disappeared in electoral terms from their reasonably strong position in the 1969 elections and the communists (legal for the first time since 1956) only managed to attract 0.3% of the vote. Thus the German constitution's intention of keeping any extreme parties out of the parliamentary scene seems to have been remarkably successful. The Social Democrats in coalition with

the liberals now hold sway over the conservative coalition of Christian Democrats (CDU) and the Christian Social Union (CSU).

Yet, watching the campaign develop, one could not help feeling that, thinking in terms of English politics, one was somehow out of one's depth. The previous supporters of the NPD, after all, went out to vote and will have needed no great change of heart to accommodate themselves quite happily in the bosom of the CDU or CSU, and, in fact, even before the elections many had become well integrated in the party structures of one of these right wing parties.

FASCIST BOGEYS ON THE HORIZON

Prinz Josef Strauss, leader of the Bavarian CSU, strong man of German right wing politics, has a powerful ally to those who hark back to the 3rd Reich—a man who describes his future ideal society as "an orderly employers state" and announced prior to the elections that Brandt's victory could mean "the last free elections in Western Germany."

Erecting fascist bogeys on the

horizon is easy in a country where history has naturally made observers extremely sensitive to these dangers. Two books have been written against Strauss, one against Springer, the press magnate, and many others listing the misdeeds of powerful people in society whose activities under the Hitler regime were more or less dubious. But, whilst unbelievably nasty, these people are not the real threat that German parliamentary democracy now faces.

Old style fascism is by no means dead, but it is a spent force, out of date. The real danger is perhaps more nearly defined by the concept of the corporate state. The banks, business and newspapers are turning the average citizen into consumer X. Yes (liberals can rejoice) he can still change his government—but, so what? The ruling ideology of mindless consumption and subtle repression is far stronger than any parliamentary force.

The British themselves set the trend by purging factories in the Ruhr of communist shop stewards and working hard to ensure the renewed success of many of those 'captains of industry' who had helped Hitler to power. In this way, the capitalist property structure of the 3rd Reich was retained intact and oppositional elements were purged at an early stage to make way for the growth of the employers' state.

these statistics are meaningless in the face of the less tangible relationships that exist between companies in the form of 'friendly relationships', secret deals, etc. It is clear that the policies of all governments since the establishment of the Republic have been totally subservient to the demands of these giants—in fact, it has now reached the stage that for any government to try to break this concentration of economic forces would spell doom to the country's financial base.

Germany's 'economic miracle' (Wirtschaftswunder) of the fifties and sixties and a financial crisis during 1966/67, whose political solution was found in the Grand Coalition of the CDU/CSU and the Social Democrats—an amalgamation which accounted for about 90% of the votes in the Bundestag. It had become quite evident at this stage that the traditional methods of 'leave well alone', utilized for more than 15 years by the right wing governments, had become outdated. Karl Schiller (who has now deserted the SPD) was then its economic wizard and was just the man they needed—a straightforward application of Keynesian economics was exactly what the monopolies needed. German industry, in 1966, had reached a point where it had consolidated its home base but it was in need of a turn round to put it in a position to conquer the more extensive markets of the outside world. Schiller provided this opportunity, even if the cost was three years of undemocratic government, 700,000 unemployed, a suppression of higher wages in the interests of higher profits, and a new lease of life for German Capitalism.

The SPD/FDP coalition from 1969/72 was no less a part of industrial expansionist aims. Development of better relations with Communist countries and the settling of the treaty with East Germany was yet another move which, though now much of the reason behind Brandt's popularity, was initially determined by the need to open up new markets for German capital in this direction. Far from offering the slightest opposition to the system, the SPD (who scrubbed any Marxist references from their constitution in 1959) are a puppet of progressive capital whose policies have advanced the cause of German monopoly interests much more efficiently than ever would have been done by the backward-looking CDU/CSU.

Even more concerning, though, is the 'corporate ideology' which this economic domination produces and which engulfs every corner of society. The trade union movement, for instance, started after the war with the help of British trade unions but has developed into an enormous centralised bureaucracy whose identification with the concepts of 'working together' and co-determination has confined workers and made the establishment of rank and file movements nearly impossible up to the present time. Throughout their history, the German trade unions have been a model of obedience to the wishes of capital and have co-operated happily with the drive to industrial communism, for higher profits, higher productivity and the expulsion of trouble-makers from the shop floor.

SPRINGER—AN APPEAL TO POPULAR NATIONALISM

Axel Springer is chief of the biggest press empire in the FRG. Between 1946 and 1967 he owned 7% of all newspapers sold on the streets, 86.8% of all Sunday newspapers and 44.8% of all youth periodicals. He managed to project his image through the Echo Verlag Co., who at that time owned 22.5% of all daily papers. His daily, the 'Sun'-type publication, with a circulation of 1.5 million is the only paper of its kind. It is not so important that it peddles right wing politics—the resignation of its editor in 1967 reinforced the election scene to prove that the German electorate can see through straight political propaganda—but

that the message is one of unattainable happiness, an appeal to popular (Volk) nationalism, and a vague anti-leftism and anti-intellectualism. Müller (in his book 'Press Power') comments that 'Bild Zeitung's aggressive tendencies may be said to conceal a consumption fascism.' The danger of the Springer empire is not so much (as yet) in its party political implications but in the sense of unfulfilled organs and anti-climax produced in the mind of the public by emotional and hysterical stories, the excitement of which can never be approached in everyday life—the result is a stultifying of the mind and a feeling of apathy to everything else around.

The other institution whose influence seems unhealthily to spread itself through civilian life is West Germany's 'democratic army'—a concept devised during the rearming of Germany after the war which was meant to project the image of the soldier as part of society, the 'civilian in uniform'. Its impact seems to have been rather to have permeated civilian life with military ideas than vice-versa; the military university in Hamburg and the introduction of lessons in the role of defence in the school curriculum may all be seen as part of the preparation of Germany's 'elite' subordinated to the 'correct influences'.

SUB-MACHINE GUNS IN THE STREET

But, not all the repression is so subtle. During the period of SPD coalition government emergency laws have been passed allowing the intervention of military forces in social disorders (including strikes, etc.); a law has been passed forbidding organisation of foreign workers—the 2½ million now in Germany are already denied the vote, have no rights of mobility and usually work on short term contracts, and a number of them are even forced to live in compounds surrounded by barbed wire. Newly added regulations governing the use of firearms by police resulted in the shooting of two youths as soon as they came into force and police may be seen as a matter of course carrying sub-machine guns in the street! The as yet unexplained shooting of an English businessman earlier this year during the hunt for the leader-Memhoff group, the expulsion of many foreign students and the behaviour of the police at Munich provide public insight into activities which are usually able to escape attention.

The SPD's re-election may cheer a number of hearts, but when they do actually seek significant change (which is in previous areas) they will no doubt find that, as in the past, they have not the strength to stand up to forces backed by capital; in other areas their determination to purge society of 'extremist' elements is little less than that of the CDU—their methods are just that much more subtle!

Whether the extra-parliamentary left is better served by an SPD government or one more unashamedly right wing is difficult to say and the somewhat theoretical (considering their strength) question of how to vote occupied many groups in the run-up to the elections. Spontaneous expression of working class dissatisfaction did erupt during the 'September strikes' of 1969 and in apprentice movements during 1970 and 1971 and perhaps the future economic difficulties forecast for the country may lead to renewed struggle in the factories.

On the other hand, loyalty to the SPD and to parliamentary methods is still very deep-seated and any hint of class struggle in the factories is quickly snuffed out by the trade unions—certainly, left groups, still searching for a role after the mass student movement of 1968/69 are divided and in no position to further the fight in a significant manner as yet.

These elections quite evidently saw a polarisation between the two main parties, but it seems as though at the moment, for a time, the road to come, the class struggle must be sublimated to the level of party politics, as the pernicious force of 'corporate ideology' reinforces itself in the minds of the people.

Ireland: BANANA REPUBLIC

As Richard Trench predicted in IT/143, the Irish Government's clampdown on such embarrassments as the IRA went into operation last week with a piece of legislation that makes the actions of the Greek military regime look like liberalism. Meanwhile, back in Belfast, army personnel are property speculating, the Paras won't go, and the Green Howards have discovered Mandrax...

BY Kevin Mellows

The biggest problem confronting the British Army and its Conservative masters surfaced in the Daily Mail of December 6, which announced that Paras ordered back to Belfast said: 'We'll quit the army', 28 soldiers, told that they were going back to Belfast for the sixth time in two years said that they would prefer to quit the army. The next day defence correspondents of the national press were hastily summoned to the Ministry of Defence to be asked to play the story down. The boys have rallied round, and so no word at all has leaked out of a near mutiny in a regiment stationed in Germany. In that case, 27 'anti-Paras' who had told their officers that they had no intention of returning to Belfast were hurriedly posted to Hong Kong. The rest of the regiment was then lined up and asked if anyone wanted to make a public refusal of further service in Britain's Vietnam. Reasonably enough, none of them obliged.

The point that is causing serious concern to senior army officers is that the men refusing to go to Ulster are the backbone of the army, the men serving long term engagements, between three and nine years. These men, who tend usually to be NCOs and skilled operators are also the men that tend to be married. Unfortunately, very few of these men's objections are conscientious, they have no objections to fighting the micks, it's just

Blunt scissors always make a mess...

that they don't want to get killed. A further dent to the Ulster army morale is the property speculation activities of certain senior officers serving in Belfast. The Belfast property market is booming at the moment, a fact which has not escaped international property firms, including the Japanese, and also including, it would seem, the senior officers. Thus the junior officers are in an unhappy state, their best NCOs want to get out of the army, while their superiors are making a handy profit out of the war. This is what a senior government minister referred to the other day as 'the Vietnamisation of the British Army'. He meant by this that the government are worried that their own precious army may be headed for the same as befell the American army in Vietnam—total collapse of morale. So far the only regiment that is known to have developed a 'drug problem' is the Green Howards, who some months ago were discovered to have developed a penchant for Mandrax.

IRA UNLESS PROVEN OTHERWISE

The present policy of the British government is to smash the morale of the nationalist population of West Belfast by sheer terror. If the British soldier begins to lack in his job as 'Tory terrorist' before the job is finished, then Heath will be in serious trouble. Also in serious trouble will be Jack Lynch. Lynch has now managed to turn Ireland's green and pleasant 26 counties into Europe's newest little police state. The Offences Against the State Amendment Act means that (i) if a senior police officer says that you are a member of the IRA, then you are a member unless you can prove otherwise; (ii) if you want to protest

about this 'law' then you will be let off with a year in jail, if you co-operate and agree to be summarily convicted by a District Judge. If you are bumptious enough to ask for a trial then they will give you five years, just to teach you a lesson, and, as better believe it, an Irish jail is no joke.

WHO PLANTED THE BOMBS?

The Free State's so called opposition party, Fine Gael, traditionally the party of the big landowners, is as keen as Lynch to crack down on the 'subversives' who looked like being the only people to provide any opposition to Ireland's transformation into a country where the rich can take their pleasure and the poor can like it or else lump it in Birmingham, or, come the EEC, the Ruhr. Ireland now has 80,000 unemployed, the cost of living is going up even faster than in England. At this moment at least 30,000 in the Republic are on rent strike, and only three hundred years from O'Connell Street the poor of Dublin are crowded into slums worse than anything this side of the Common Market immigrant workers' bidonvilles, into which they doubtless are crowded as soon as Ireland starts to draw the benefits of the European community. Lynch might indeed have had difficulty in getting his Police State bill through the Dail, until the last day of the debate Lynch was having difficulty in persuading even Fine Gael that this measure was strictly necessary. Then a very strange thing happened. Two car bombs went off in Dublin killing two people. One exploded in front of Liberty Hall, the headquarters of the Irish Trades Union movement, the other outside a place frequented by Republicans. Within a few minutes of the blasts, the Dail was crowded with Special Branch men

giving widely exaggerated accounts of the damage to the sheep who obligingly, or reluctantly, listened to vote the bill through, and make Lynch's banana republic a reality. Afterwards, the deputies celebrated by getting happily drunk.

Who did plant the bombs? Certainly not the IRA, Provisional or Official, despite the fact that Lynch's henchman, Des O'Malley, minister of 'justice' chose to blame the Provos. The UDA and the UVF were thought to be likely candidates at first, but on reliable information, they too are not guilty. The most likely candidates are either in Park Gate Street, headquarters of the Irish Special Branch, or else Queen Anne's Gate, headquarters of British Intelligence, with shorter odds on the British. Maybe we'll never know, and Lynch and O'Malley would sooner not know. The bombs have done their job, and Lynch is free to fulfill his part of the bargain with Edward Heath—smashing the Provisionals. In return Heath has promised that Fanna Fall will be given a say in the future government and exploitation of the people of the northern six counties, in addition to which the British will throw their weight behind making sure that Fanna Fall gets a hefty share of any regional assistance payouts coming from the EEC commission in the next few years. By that time, it is assumed, the nationalist population of the six counties will have been smashed into submission. They have been very useful to Lynch, as they have distracted the attention of many Irish people from the situation South of the border. The reaction of most Irish people to news from the North, after an initial period of emotional identification with 'the boys' is 'it won't come down here will it'. Lynch has in fact already brought it 'down here'.

Paddy Morris

The nightmare, as Anna Mendelson called it, six months of near silence in the bourgeois press, and then an orgasmic splurge on the 'sociological' implications of the Angry Brigade. The Sun did its gory best, but none of the others were far behind. The day after the sentences were announced, 600 people marched to Holloway in solidarity with Anna Mendelson and Hilary Creek. When they got there and proclaimed their solidarity hundreds of prisoners answered from windows. When Chris and John arrived at Wormwood Scrubs, the men on their landing were out of their cells, greeting the two with rousing cheers, one prisoner giving John a sweater. They have got the message, they have all had their 'Angry Brigade Trials', every prisoner in a British jail knows all about 'British Justice'.

And of course no one likes to refer to the craziness of it all. Even on the simplest level; Stuart Christie is innocent, therefore he did not have detonators in the boot of his car when he was arrested, therefore the police were lying when they said that he did have the detonators in his possession. John Barker, Hillary Creek, Anna Mendelson, James Greenfield, were found guilty, therefore they did have arms in their flat in Amburst Road, and the police were not lying. Which lies to you prefer, a big lie or a small one? The police are already convicted by imputation of perjury in the case against Ian Purdie, and now again. 'Oh well they'll be out in ten years.' Who believes that ten years in prison is a short time, not anyone who's already spent eighteen months as a category 'A' prisoner in Britain. As Stuart Christie said on the day he was released, 'I'd sooner be in a Spanish jail than an English one.'

IN STORE
FOR
MORE TERROR...

The establishment is already kicking itself on allowing the defence to get a reasonably representative jury, that could understand something about what the defence was trying to put across. 'Justice' James has made it clear that never again will the defence be allowed to cross-examine prospective jurors about their bias. "What! No Tones allowed on the jury? We can't have that, the police said that they were guilty didn't they? Jack Lynch, now, he has the right idea about courts, scrap the jury system, and make a senior policeman's word law. A senior policeman mind you, someone about Hubertson's rank would do."

The police are shifting their position. The moment the trial is ended we hear a strange new sound that "we haven't caught all the Angry Brigade" and Bond whips out a couple more names from his suspect book. That, he hopes, will account for the fact that whoever the Angry Brigade are, they continued doing whatever they were doing throughout the trial; the prosecution did not have much of a convincing explanation of the Bryant explosion for example. Bond gratefully tells the press that we may be in store for 'more terror' and that we will have the 'bomb squad' with us for a long time yet. Bond announced that he is looking for Sarah Poliakou and Jerry Osner and proceeded to ramble on about letter bombs. The intention is clear: to hound people down, to run through the convictions, we need hysteria; letter bombs now, that's always good for a bit of public frenzy. Interestingly enough none of the Fleet Street press, who coyly informed us that they had reserved "what purports to be an Angry Brigade communicate"

"The police were lying when they said that Stuart Christie had detonators in his possession ... which lies do you prefer, a big lie or a small one?"

DOWNFALL OF THE BIGHEAD BRIGADE

*Plot to kidnap
law
chief
brings
big
new*

**Dropouts with
brains tried to**

THEY were quiet. They were bright. And very, very highbrowed. Assassins was their reputation. Assassins proved their downfall.

security screen for nation's leaders as fury of the Left grows over the jail terms

Did you see this? Do you believe it? Sickening, blood-soaked, ritual journalism, courtesy The Sun, 7 December, 1972

Sex orgies at the cottage of blood



THE MAN WHO MADE THE ANGRIES REALLY WILD

MANAGED BY JOHN WALSH, JR., PRESIDENT, MANHATTAN MAYER, GILLIE HINTON

Did you see this? Do you believe it? Sickening, blood-soaked, ritual journalism, courtesy The Sun, 7 December, 1972

[illegible][illegible]

They have suffered the loss of their loved ones and have given
 them a mass grave of their own making, a little taste of their own
 violence.

But now is the time to advance Communist systems and revolutionaries (note, the present agents of suffering) to a substantially better life, to which the "left" movement can lead. Talk of the "right" is better because it is a desperate battle, the present of frustration and the future of complete doom and gloom against civilization, reaction and the little for present life. Revolution will not be achieved by all-out war - the bourgeoisie will feel for the labor movement, so support their war to liberate the masses to war, not the present bourgeois is responsible for and causes suffering.

again, we totally support the liberation struggle of the Irish people, but do not believe that the Provisional I.R.A. are the best or correct. There are many groups and many Irish men and women.

Irish nationalism is not enough to defeat the British Raj. 600 years of imperialism can only be ended by ending the civil violence, North and South, against the Stormont and Dublin regimes.

Irish nationalism is not enough to defeat the British army. 100 years of imperialism can only be smashed by uniting the class forces, North and South, against the Stomont and Dublin regime. Connolly's Irish Workers' Party...

...the Angry Brigade suggests that the Irish people make it clear to the Provisionals that, apart from our class enemies, LHM IS NOT AN ENEMY. Hardon terror is the rule of law and order. In the name of equality, we deny any connection with those who commit arbitrary acts.

Only (catholic and government) agents attack the parish", (communiqué of
ALL AMONG THEM TO ATTACK DAVE, AND WILL BE ATTACKED AT HULING CLARE
PROPERTY, REMEMBER THAT BE CALLED IN COMMUNIST Q & A,
THE SUBJECT REMAINS HIGH, TO ATTACK PROPERTY FOR PEOPLE, DAVE, HASTINGS
WILSON HULING WILL BE CALLED BY THE NAME "WILSON"
BUT BE CALLED DAVE, BE CALLED TO MAKE SURE OUT OF HULING CLARE
THAT.

Scratching the surface of this world is not our chief concern,
but rather protecting the lives of innocent people who are exploited by
these monsters.
We must always give warnings.
Because always used small amounts of explosives.

One woman sat slightly out when she refused to accept her warning. This day is partly due to have broken the silence. The capitalists' agents are expert at jumping all violence counter, attempt to remove their heads that just happen to wipe out violence, and the daily exploitation and degradation of a semi-slave producer. Our offensive against the rule of violence in America is a desperate war against the bad things that are necessary to demonstrate the morally current use of violence. If this offensive is backed up like the Bryans case, and actions are carried out other than, we should have to think again about future battles.

The many people think of the Angry Brigade as just bombers, setting out the unexplained phenomenon of millions to blow their houses up, all herded, channelled, riveted to a single explosive moment.

BUT WE DO NOT GIVE THROUGH BOMBS.
 WE CAN'T REPAIR THINGS ON THE GROUND,
 WE DO NOT CARE ON LIFE STYLE T.N.T.
 Do you know, capitalist fucker, "at the A.S. only lives in the shadow
 of its own acts of destruction" That live action we wage at dusk in order
 to fly off upon another moonlight mission

Brothers and sisters, we have Old Bailey Highmaas... the usual story of these planted at Amhurst St, the Stoke Newington St. The Angry Brigade trial is a trial in the absence of the Angry Brigade. Belshazzar's gang has been existing for nearly two years. The demand they ever get was to frame-up known militants like Purdie and Prescott. It is the same desperate logic that hanged Kaurat.

They haven't let us and they can't. That's why friends and sympathizers couldn't barely rubbed shoulders with, have been filled up. We are not there to defend ourselves for the simple reason that no one we know leaves us and distasteful in their lounge.

Weight is more real than Goddard yard fables. We know the truth, the pigs know the truth...the Hicks Lexington 8 are innocent. Sooner or later they will be freed, sooner or later FGM will hear from us again.

The Thelwellside butchers and the local prisoners will never appear at the Old Bailey. Master criminal Rawlings will also state the covering up of these crimes. The Thelwellside who holds our lives here takes out a life long insurance policy called police protection. Every criminal trial ignores the real criminals.

TAKE THE MAUNDING, THE CARS, & THE DISTILLER DIRECTORS
GOOD LUCK TO THE STICK MATCHES &
LOVE, SOLIDARITY, REVOLUTION.

send this out
-destroy the original.

COMMUNIQUE
BRIGAD
ELL

CO
AN
CERO MO CO

And here it is: Angry Brigade Communiqué No. 14: Geronimo Cell. "Sooner or later you will hear from us again..."

(reproduced here), bothered to quote the excerpt in which letter bombing is condemned.

Meanwhile, let us remember other cases where murder is being committed—the slow murder of locking a man away for years until he rots. Noel Jenkinson, for example, convicted on totally circumstantial evidence, and the attempt to implicate Finbar Kissane in the Aldershot explosion.

Michael Duignan, taken to Winchester to face arms charges relating to the London area, so that there could be a few irrelevant guns and ammunition in the case, Remember Detective Chief Inspector Smith's 'lost' receipt which curiously turned up in Noel Jenkinson's flat and was later withdrawn as evidence. And what about the appearance in the case of the notorious agent provocateur

John Parker, all hot from his perjuries in the Hackney arms case, another affair in which the police were discovered to have 'surprise, surprise' planted arms. Finbar Kessane, whom Judge Sebah Shaw practically directed the jury to find guilty of murder, and who is serving two years for an offence (misuse of a driving licence) which normally carries a fine. And what about the case of John Jenkins. Welsh nationalist.

jailed in 1970 for ten years, currently in Albany Prison, Isle of Wight. In October the authorities stopped him receiving all Welsh newspapers and periodicals, letters and visitors, except his family.

The British jails are stuffed with political prisoners. Sometimes we hear about them, sometimes we don't.

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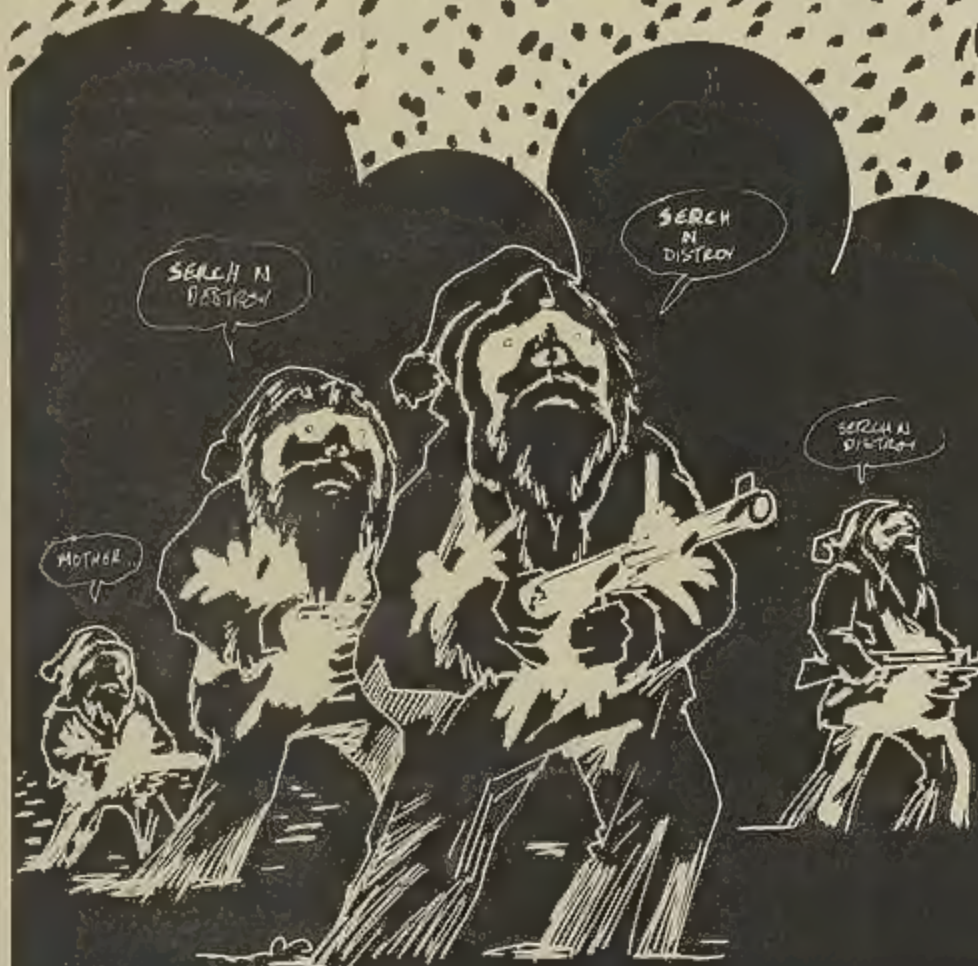
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DECEMBER 24TH.

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FLAMIN' GROOVIES

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RED HOT PEPPERS
(Martin Stone)

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with MICK FARREN

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(from Bristol)

TWINK

and quite probably:

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and also hopefully:

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PLUS Booze, Drugs, Films, Brain Surgeons,
Poetry readings, Santa Claus, Electricity,
Nose Jobs, Blob shows.

All profits to NASTY TALES DEFENCE FUND

SHORTS

21ST OF JUNE 1971: Largely memorable for the fact that the trial for obscenity of that caddy 02 triarch was taking place at the Old Bailey. On that same day however, scenes of a familiar variety were taking place in dingy Berwick Street, sometime headquarters of the IT publishing stable, Joy Farren, company secretary and mystic correspondent, was seated innocuously at her desk, alone in the dark building (the other hop covenant of 1971 was laid down at Glastonbury Fayre and the rest of the staff were diverting themselves cheerfully in the mud). Solid steps on the stairway materialised into two burly officers of the law. Same drab old rigmarole. A search warrant was produced, then they clawed and tore at the contents of the office (except for Joy); exiting some time later with 300 copies of *Nasty Tales* Number 1, two small packets containing Hendrix bootleg and a Little Red Schoolbook (that's where they went, impatient of Warrington, the pigs took them) and weren't heard of again until ONE DAY less than six months later. In case you didn't know they have only got six months in which to charge you after seeing the littrach. Well, on the last possible day they charged Edward Barker, Paul Lewis, Mick Farren and Joy Farren with knowledgeable possession of obscene material for gain (*Nasty Tales*). Since then various court dates have been set and postponed. We learned recently that the trial will in fact commence in January 15th next year (1973) at London's Old Bailey.

SO NASTY TALES IS IN THE SHIT, ARE YOU GOING TO LEND US A PADDLE?

AUSTRALIA: A faint gleam of hope in what is turning into a really depressing world. The Australian Labour Party has finally managed to get elected after 23 years in opposition. Maybe it is just another Social Democrat just lumbering up to break promises—remember 1964? When even the British Labour Party managed to look almost exciting. But all the same, Gough Whitlam, the new Australian Prime Minister, has already abolished censorship, released conscientious objectors serving time, and called off the hunt for draft dodgers on the run. He's withdrawing the Australian contingent from Vietnam, and he says that he is opposed to censorship in any form. His wife is openly in favour of the legislation of marijuana, and he says he will at least liberalise the official attitude to dope offenders. And in Australia, of all places? William has also told the South Africans that he will no longer allow their sports teams even to set foot in Australia, and the French that he will bloody well go to war if they let off more of their atom bombs in the South Pacific. It is just a collection of N.W.I. type good causes it's better than the dream we're having up here.

WASHINGTON: To get a good idea of the cheap crooks and crumbstealers who are now helping to run the western world take a look at Roy Ash, whom Nixon has just made Director of the Office of Management and Budget. Ash, with his firm Litton Industries, invented the idea of conglomerates back in the early sixties. Basically conglomerates are a means of buying up a great number of companies, and then by cooking the books with what is known as "creative accounting" producing huge and meaningless profit figures. He is arriving to loot the American treasury just in time, his own shaky con-man's empire has just reported its first annual loss, and a House of Representatives subcommittee reported that Litton's image making has developed flamboyant sham into an art. Litton Industries also owns the US Navy four hundred million dollars.

HERE'S A THOUGHT: What has happened to all the Access cards that never get collected from the mail tray of large anonymous blocks of flats? The kind that has the mail laid out between an unlocked outer door and a locked inner door. There must be thousands of envelopes, clearly marked "Access" with a blank card inside, addressed to J Smith, who left the house two years ago leaving no forwarding address, just lying around gathering dust. Rum, isn't it?

GRIMSBY: Fight prices the Phantom Way, as George Bellamy did for two years, smashing the windows of expensive walk-behind pubs, local councillors, escaping on his bicycle, and leaving a communique behind signed "the Phantom Rider". George did £200 worth of damage to Bass Charrington—the villains who put up the price of their progressively piss weaker beer by 1p. When the law hunted him down, George told them he had done it for them, but they took him away anyway.

GPO TRIBUTE: Mr Rickwood of the Post Office Investigation Branch has this to say about the mute box device (Do Not Build This) outlined in 17/142: "I have built it and it works." Take that, Dave of South Wales, and put it in your pipe and smoke it.

Magical Maxie

"When Kennedy was on his way to that first tryst with Khrushchev in Vienna he felt nervous. 'He wasn't up to the occasion'... Magic Max was hastily summoned and before you could say Ouch had jammed Jack full of amphetamine."

By CAPTAIN NEMO

There's a fine new song the boys are singing on the streets of New York. It goes like this: Took a trip to Vienna, Got a neck full of speed, In the course of that day I met Mr K, Who said you're an odd chap indeed (Chorus: Oh you know it ain't easy ... etc).

What these irreverent songsters are referring to is the fact, recently established in the *New York Times*, that Jack Kennedy was, for some of his Presidential career, a speed-freak. He received his copious doses from Dr Max Jacobson (Magic Max to his many friends). It seems that when Kennedy

was on his way to that first tryst with Khrushchev in Vienna he felt nervous, expressing private fears that 'he wasn't up to the occasion'. Magic Max was hastily summoned, and before you could say Ouch had jammed Jack full of amphetamine. The rest is history. (For those who can't remember their history, JFK put up a rotten performance in Vienna, capitulating to Mr K on every front, shouting 'peace, peace, peace' and flashing the V sign at every pause in the conversation. He had to hurry back and organise the Bay of Pigs invasion to bolster up his ego.)

The other known occasion on which Magic Max crossed needles with greatness was just before Kennedy was due to address the UN on disarmament, also in 1961. Once again Jack decided that there wasn't enough oil in the crankcase, and whistled up the doctor. Let Magic Max take up the story: "I said, Mr President, what I'm going to do hasn't

been done before' and gave him a shot in the neck over the voice box. Five minutes later he could speak very clearly." Ho ho: clear indeed. Actually what came out of the President's voice box was a manic gabble, which had to be retransmitted into English by officials, who let it be known that he had been talking in Latin to express his solidarity with the Pope.

Magic Max is not shy of his great association. He carries a PT 109 insignia as his tie-clip and when people say who, he ripostes "Do you know where I got this? I worked with the Kennedys. I travelled with the Kennedys. I treated the Kennedys. Jack Kennedy, Jacqueline. They never could have made it without me. They gave me this in gratitude."

These are famous days for Magic Max. The *New York Times* has just done him the honour of a year-long investigation, manned

by 11 journalists. He is also under investigation by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, the FBI, the Inland Revenue Service, the AMA, the New York Drug Squad, and numerous private parties, including Tennessee Williams' brother.

The substance, as they say, of the allegations is that Max runs a surgery which is nothing more better than a shoot-up parlour where the rich and famous in need of a blast can get just that. For many years clients who have popped by for a little Vitamin B 12, or an anti-tetanus shot, have found themselves experiencing 'amazing' reactions. Said Otto Preminger, 'I was a patient of his for a short time. He gave me shots. I don't know what was in them, but they made me feel terrible. It was one of the most fearful experiences of my life and I'd never go again.' The late Cecil B de Mille was another patient of Max. But a satisfied one. He even took Max along to Egypt when he was making the Ten Commandments. Apparently he liked to take his milligrammes on the road, get high and then have God shout at him out of the thundercloud.

Eddie Fisher was another enthusiast. He did not like to open an act in Hollywood or Las Vegas without having Max in the act with a couple of on the road, get high and then have God shout at him out of the thundercloud.

Truman Capote was yet another victim. Little Truman hurried in and got his jab, experienced 'amazing' reactions and then collapsed. He says he thought he was getting vitamin shots. Tennessee Williams was a regular customer but could not take seriously enough Max's stern commands not to drink at the same time. According to Max's assistant, 'Mr Williams came in with a bottle, can you imagine, and he was bonzing it up in the patients' room, and I says to Max, "He's drunk in there", and Max said throw him out, so I threw him out." Tennessee got heavily addicted, and finally became a grave embarrassment to one and all; sinking to his knees on numerous occasions and making strange statements. His father had him confined and still shudders at the dreadful convulsions that Tennessee experienced when drying out.

Centrepiece in the Max saga is the story of Bob Richardson, photographer of fashion, who was getting up to £4000 a time for his fashion pictures at the height of his career. In 1963 a girl friend of Richardson told him of the guru doctor who injected his clients full of organic potions, "which were extraordinarily good for your health and well being." Richardson started with one visit a month to Max, but was soon up to two a week and shivering for more. Max used to give him an intravenous needle for his arm and an intramuscular one for his hip. In addition Richardson used to get a 30cc vial and a prescription for hypodermic needles. Max told Richardson that the shots were reconstituted mulehoorns from the Orient, prepared by deep breasted holy men, but even the credulous lensman began to realise that what he was getting was speed.

After each injection, Richardson said, "I used to be up for two or three days. If I wasn't working I was walking around, going out all night. I could never sleep. I couldn't live without it, I was a total addict. Sometimes I couldn't get a vial—Doctor Jacobson would go away or something. People would be lining up in the waiting room. There would be pandemonium."

The doctor who lives next to Max has reported that high-level patients, crazed with need, used to smash their way into his little veterinary surgery and shoot up with the first bottle that came to hand, and then rush off, often barking.

Richardson has a good description of Magic Max's premises. "There was always a receptionist, two nurses and a group of men working in the laboratory in the back. Sometimes Dr Jacobson would take me in there at night. There were cauldrons and masses of rocks and things boiling around. It was like science fiction, the coloured lights. Then he would show me what he called uranium, which he put in the vials. Very often the vials had little rocks in the bottom to give them energy, he said."

Actually Max seems to have had a complete freakout on the subject of experimentation. He told Kennedy and others that he was engaged in high level medical research, and that he had devised a way of rendering rocks health-giving through

'ultra-sonic bombardment'. He also claimed to have invented the first laser microscope in 1953; seven years before the official discovery of that instrument.

Max gets round the tricky point of why no one heard about his discovery by saying that his partner, whom he was no doubt treating, "went completely insane", ran off with the device and "has not been heard of since".

Poor old Richardson finally went berserk. Max banged him full of Thorazine one fine day, and when the next dawn came, Richardson was in hospital in a straight jacket, suffering from acute amphetamine poisoning.

Actually he was lucky. Max's doses may have killed another photographer. This was Mark Shaw, Kennedy playmate. One time Jack Kennedy, Prince Radziwill and Shaw went on a 50 mile hike from Palm Beach towards Miami. Magic Max was in close attendance. After 11 miles or so there were groans and moans from one and all; sore feet, bruised extremities. Max himself had already dropped out of the actual hike, but was trailing them in a golf cart, needle at the ready. Down went Radziwill with a turned ankle. Zap went Max, and off bounded Strash Radziwill into the middle distance like a greyhound. Then it was Jack's turn, and once again the genial jabber performed his wonder work. As Strash put it afterwards (3 weeks before Dallas), "It was difficult to keep Dr Max from competing. As always he was everybody's good friend and insisted on treating everyone in sight."

It was just after this that another doctor who treated JFK took him on one side and said "I was very close to JFK. I was not going to tolerate this, I said that if I ever heard that he took another shot, I'd make sure it was known. No President with his finger on the red button has any business taking stuff like that." But the doctor added that he always suspected that JFK just couldn't kick the habit. (Other sources allege that one of the reasons the full autopsy reports were never released was that they would have revealed to a distressed public that the late President was a chronic speed freak.) Back to Shaw: he finally croaked, from heart disease, according to Max; but hospital reports commented on the heavy tracks on his arms, and the fact that his internal organs were loaded with methamphetamine. The doctor's second line of defense is that Shaw died of a blow to the head, that caused him to vomit and then choke to death on it.

But despite these blotches on his past, all the evidence shows that Max is no mere commercial quack. His apartment is modest, and his sole desire the betterment of the human race. His major creed: "Amphetamine is non-addictive."

Max has had his own narrow brushes with the reaper. Some years ago he gave himself an undiluted injection of Lincomin—an antibiotic that is meant to be mixed with a pint of water before intravenous administration. "That laid him out for two or three months," says his close friend Dr Weiser. Max says it gave him time for reflection and a long awaited opportunity to "get in touch with the infinite".

Not merely the rich and famous are the objects of Max's tireless labours. Every now and again he looks what he calls "an MS day". On these occasions he treats victims of multiple sclerosis, who hobble, limp, stagger and crawl to his surgery for aid. The technique is one patented by Max himself—the 'multiple injection technique'.

This is how one visit went. In the waiting room are lined up the patients. In the surgery two vials, labelled Thiamine (cat food additive) and B2. A water cooler contains, allegedly, a mixture of cranberry and apple juice. A middle aged woman hobbles painfully into the presence. Max crashes into action. Out comes a syringe, on with a needle, and he plucks down a bottle of yellow liquid. "Better than alcohol!" he grins. Then Max pops the needle into SIX more bottles before the hypo is topped up and ready to go. Zap, into her hip. "Do I measure the doses? No time for that." Then, jab, jab, jab, into her knees and neck. This cushion technique he calls acupuncture. Then he takes out a vibrator, sticks a magnet on the end and rubs it over

her hands and feet. The woman says she feels ab-so-lutely terrific and skips out. It is the same with all the others. As many as twenty jabs, all over.

Still the shades of the law seem to be drawing round Max. The troublesome investigations have only just begun. And now so many people are lining up to get into his surgery that he needs an armed guard to get there himself. Worse still, the man in the White House has no need for his services. Nixon did have medical help

for de leessom; but Trick is a traditionalist and went to a psychoanalyst, on Henry Kissinger's recommendation. The shrink was reputed to be heart broken because the President's dreams were so boring, that none of the papers would touch them. Even so, Max should not be unhappy. He had his day with destiny. His proudest boast is still that even if Stalin nailed his doctors, old Max could still put it over JFK.

Gook-Screwing

"Girls' smoke cigarettes up their vaginas, beerbottles get stuffed up, and coca-cola bottles are opened."

By JOHN RICKETSON-HAT

IT may cost £200,000 to kill a vietcong but it only costs twenty new pence to fuck a girl in Chiangmai, Thailand's second largest city. Perhaps the US government could spend Vietnamese activities for a day and for the price of two hundred dead Vietcong they could purchase for their countrymen two hundred million fucks; (not taking into account discount for quality). Perhaps not. Perhaps the Thais would be better off without American money swamping their country. Absurd figures merely emphasise the degradation and destruction that can be caused by immense wealth in a country where most of the population are still living in a subsistence economy. The gigantic stream of dollars that has deluged Thai urban society has produced every unpleasant aspect of excessively rapid urbanization including emasculation, loss of identity, and spiritual destruction. A useful indication of the true nature of an American-sponsored urban revolution as it affected the more privileged in Vietnam was given by Don Luce and John Summers:

"When students at Saigon's teacher train-

ing college were asked to list 15 occupations in an English examination, almost every student included laundress, car washer, bar-girl, shoeshine boy, soldier, interpreter, and journalist. Almost none of the students thought to write down doctor, engineer, industrial administrator, farm manager, or even their own chosen career, teacher."

Bangkok is a hideous boom city. Among the characterless rows of ugly new buildings are large sections of nightclubs, GI hotels, and some 170 massage parlours. The taxi drivers who hover round the hotels produce badly printed cards that read "our interesting programme for this evening will include (i) blue movies (ii) live sex show (iii) beautiful girl fucking (iv) beautiful girl massage." A live sex show costs about £3 and takes place in a small room equipped with a bed and a chair. A boy and girl enter the room, bow low, and the fucking begins. The variety of positions is something to marvel at, but if a foreigner enquires about the absence of sucking, he is politely told that "Buddha is in the head." For a Thai the head is the holiest part of the body, he hesitates to pat a child on the head and does not indulge even in kissing. Recently a Mormon missionary sat on the head of a Buddha while his girl friend photographed him. The Thai who developed the film was so horrified that he reported the matter to the police and the missionaries received a six month prison sentence. Mormon missionaries on their way to Thailand never continued on page fourteen.

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By not buying and drinking Gordon's Gin you'll direct your personal protest to the target that will concern the Distillers Co. most — its pocket. A small sacrifice — but 430 thalidomide victims may thank you for it one day.

Ten years ago a wholly-owned subsidiary of the giant Distillers Company (group profits last year \$64 million) supplied the deadly drug THALIDOMIDE to hundreds of pregnant women. Not only that: they recommended it as "completely safe". The disastrous results are with us today — 430 shockingly deformed children and their appallingly distressed parents.

This same company supplies Gordons and Booths gin to the Royal Household. This same company has dodged the question of adequate compensation for its victims for ten miserable years. FOR HOW LONG CAN THE GIN DISTILLERS TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN CONTINUE TO IGNORE ITS RESPONSIBILITIES TO BRITAIN'S THALIDOMIDE CHILDREN?

STAY AWAY FROM GORDONS— MAKE DISTILLERS PAY



ROCK

Edited by CHRIS ROWLEY

THE PHLORESCENT LEECH &
EDDIE and S. J. VERHEAD in
concert at The Imperial College
London.

The concert was held in the Great Hall at the Imperia College. A room with good seating and a large floor area allowing people to dance if they wish. The Hall's good acoustics are a big improvement on the old hall.

They roared as Silverhead were about to begin their set Silverhead, but in the heels of Africa, Bowie, Bolan, etc. wear makeup and in suits and exude a dark no edge. That somehow dehumanizes them. Their music has the attack and glacial structure of a lion. The Co. per sensual and a little gently exciting. It's amazing they lack a teeny teenage pop appeal on any particular record. Review and after 30 years.

became our job, and I edited the Students' Common Room, leaving them to a lukewarm reception and the 50 percent ovse.

to an audience figure was not without very good humour by Mark Twain of Philo and Eddie who came out personally to test the microphones. He found company as depressing as it is the case in England and provided two omnipresent sounding employees. They had little confidence in his own ability to open a box which first had to be taken over by one of Miss Alice Cooper's sound crew. It seems that the average American equipment manager is a professional artist who likes what he is doing enough to have a just enough knowledge of it to do what you average Englishman is a sceptic. The bigger trumpet and I should know was one.

* Phyllophaga (larva) and Eurygaster

These answers to the fact, in Frank Zappa's Mouth is a Knife's *Keen* through a series of *Flights* ending in just another *Band* *For* *the* *Band*. The added lead of it is by Rowles, who is almost unbelievably accurate as being the guitar player. Love at the end of the cups find it four who had tapped in and gone. Oregon and of the first thing, the *Band* is playing this music improved more relaxed than the usual high lines he has played. Love

[illegible]

Fla and Eddie material. Their one Mothers song, 'Mr Green Genes', from the Mothers' *Uncle Meat* album, comes in instrumentally extremely light and musically exhilarating, while the greatest application was for 'Happily Together' claiming the classic American love song line "If I should see you up/lost a dime and Fieldon". Both songs were originally recorded by Howard and Mark and Jim Ponds, the bass player when they were with the Turtles, and were then both million selling singles hits.

Although everybody in the band was with the Mothers except Gary Rowles, they fail us like the Mothers, to turn one on to anything new. Due to lack of good original material. In fact they look dangerous like becoming a knockabout comedy band. There is so much skill on a band that hope does not get wasted by going for quick laughs. As Frank Zappa said "You know as well as I do that to an audience there is nothing easier than comedy".

I do not wish to be entertained—want to be stimulated.

There is all the necessary musical ability in this group to play anything they like. Hope they find something good to do.

Howard Parker

LOL REED
Transformer
RCA

Yes folks, all it took Lou Reed, gasp at the run through that Times Square and punkish ex-hustler looking with patient aloofness wisdom at the flow of scenes and sure, Lou Reed returns to that good old Taxi Ex's to Brooklyn well that we all thought he was trying to turn his back on.

David Bowie and Mick Ronson contribute to production and much of the music, of which incidentally there is the minimum needed to support the song, as almost as though Bowie by his enthusiasm for his first warhol became a man, has to and Reed co. K. is his director.

he lives on his album estate
in the literary quality of a
world to which Pigeon-ive
suddenly the first seven
seconds of Mouldy Old Dough
identical in the first seven
seconds of Rainy Day Women.
he first ten

Mich Funn

DEEP PURPLE
Made in Japan
(Purple Records, EMI)

Once upon a time there was a band called Nero and the Guardians, at their publicity photos showed them dressed in Roman armour. They made one one record called "In the Ha" of the Mountain King. Their guitarist was the best thing about them. He joined Scorching Lord Sutch, an right time loser with a good band. After Sutch went over the top the guitarist became a well respected session man. He did a "house" of things on "With a Little Help From My Friends" for Cocker and Dennis Cordell didn't trust The Grease Band. Then an American record company high on the wackes of British Guitar Heroes" in the Home of the Brave created Deep Purple around young Ritchie Blackmore.

When I was at Granada, we had them up to do a programme. In an attempt to defend the work of class swag like Ritchie Blackmore a techno line and the cameras with his guitar as a closed in for his solo. Much like Townsend used to talk his amps. The technical supervisor in the gallery went dark, giving space screaming. Fuck you Moonjans at the top of his voice. Hoonga - he may be but a line guitar is too. This is a heavy double album you like heavy albums you'll like this one. If you don't then you won't go.

New patches

HAWKW ND
Dorem Faso (Lido
United Artists)

Asright all you Kosmic children of
Ma are you ready to get down, are
you ready to "stify" Can you feel
the majesty the pyramids - the
sky the sub ethereal nuances, the
nexial preconditions for he bio
thous of the mighty Hawk Kraft
BZee-ying Gass as it snow
powers its way down in ravering
anti-gravity beams, shining with a
vill ion incandescent colours, freeking
he airwaves with the awesome
noise Oh you know I wanna see
you I'll Atlantean shake your asses,
strut the cuffs and keep your
flour magnets tidy. Remember if
you don't feed your Denebraft
Dingbats properly they ll grow up
and eat you.

From behind shimmering
glossy screens they stand
gleaming in the white powdered
void and from the water reaches
Hawking bying you this, their
lates. to make very message a p
omission control a united
Ar-iss Records, everybody's
pleased and a great number of his
patricia black plastic unit have
been prepared. Down in the Camp
with floor & music, they are
preparing a whole set of new
integers a come with the coming
road.

It is very much like a giant hawkwing: fully powered and they never once flag in their task of maintaining all the hyper-palaces. All the cities have that full take-out of carbon dioxide. People thing are just the 'real Belgium', but just between the key lines there does seem a strong tendency for the birds to keep on going back to a good thing when they come across one.

Soil lawns do have long
hair feet entangled with the
Space Rock den and heavy twenty
week weeds—gathered with
feeling. All potential of a truck
and Cynodonts are gone
Chris Rowe

MOODY BLUES
Seventh Sojourn
(Threshold/Dec)

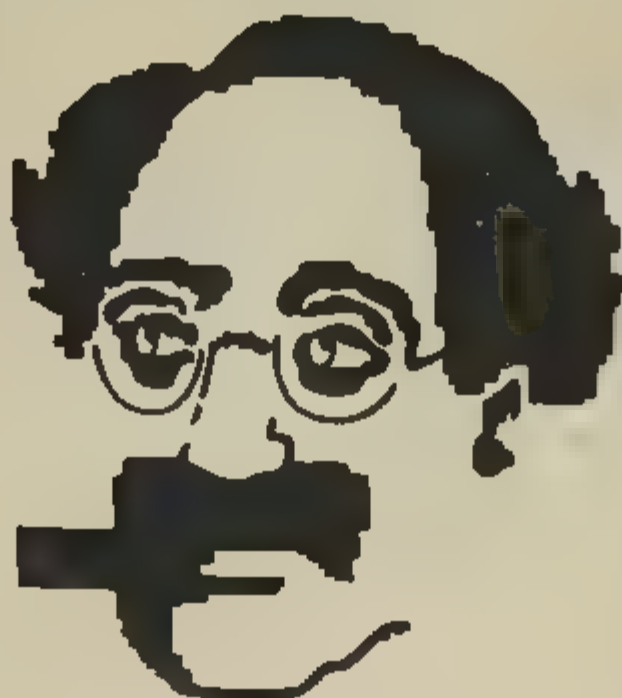
Seventh Sojourn, as the name suggests, the Moody Blues' seventh productive session in a recording studio.

Having dug the Moody's from way back, feel that they have become retrospective, and seem to be busy reliving themselves down past is a golden many times before. On many occasions the Moody's have used their mastery of recording techniques and efforts to enhance their music and have armed us with really incredible sounds over the years, and in a again their technique shines, but feel that something is missing from the music to which no technique can ever compensate. The music lacks the drive and imagery that marked the Moody's earlier material and the lyrics are if metaphors that we heard so many times before, contributing little or nothing to the album, there are enough changes, however, in format and presentation to avoid accusations of sameness. One change which, in my opinion is for the better, is the absence of the head to head charts, of which the Moody's are so fond.

But basically, I found it difficult to get into this album, although a lot a number of heavily stained recordings, found quite pleasant, but nothing more. I expect a lot of people will buy this record and it will probably be a success for them, but the CD shows more signs of decay than of new musical direction. The Moody's are a band who, in the past, have produced some truly fine records, but from this time on, I think I will keep my Moody Blues collection purely for nostalgia.

Howard Tate

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I WANNA TELL YOU PEOPLE

And you can't be no cotton, Tell you the reason why, say so well you don't get nothing for your cotton, And your seed's so dry you can't

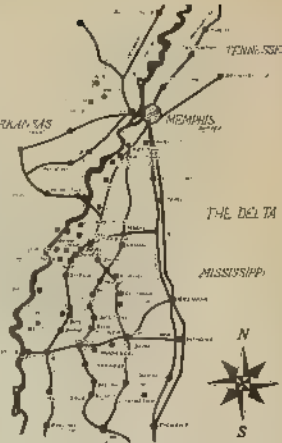
Well, like rain a good cotton crop, for like a lucky man shootin' dice, Work at this summer to make your cotton, The full come there still ain't no price.

So dark and muddy on this bottom.

I have ploughed so hard baby, Corns has got all in my hands, I wanna tell you people, I ain't nuttin', it's a poor farm man.

BY Mike Leadbiter

THE Mississippi Blues story begins in the Mississippi Delta. Not the true Delta of the Mississippi River at New Orleans, but that flat, alluvial plain between the Mississippi and Yazoo Rivers in the State of Mississippi, described colloquially as the Delta by its inhabitants. This area of wide fertile fields, given over to the production of cotton, was once uncultivated swamp-land. Now it reputedly stretches from the lobby of the Peabody Hotel in Memphis to Vicksburg's Catfish Row, but is better visualized as a cat-shaped piece of



North Western Mississippi, almost 200 miles in length and near 85 miles in width at its widest point.

The Delta is a land of plantations and towns. Small towns dot the country, side, looking very much as if they were the more than trading or shipping centers. The black people live in cabins or shacks, their land and the cotton or blue local roads, waiting town only at weekends or times of "shar necessity." They children do not stay home for long now, preferring to move North to the big city and opportunity. It is still blues-country, but the tradition is dying. Each year more and more bluesmen vanish from the scene, leaving no one to fill their shoes. Their names are quick forgotten, only the lucky ones leave records to remind us that they once existed.

During the twenties and thirties the

Delta blues were confined to their place of origin, confined because the distribution of race records at that time was limited to say the least and their was no other way of spreading the message. In Mississippi itself, blues was "the devil's music," the property of those who taught the "low life" and frowned upon by a church-going Blues belonged to the plantation barrel-houses and gambling joints, the whore houses and back a live hell-in-the walls of small cotton towns. This added restriction in social terms, was to limit its growth for many years. You couldn't read about blues except in the occasional mail-order advertisement. It received no air play and juke boxes (I thank to a general lack of electricity) were a rare sight.

The blues, as a popular Delta music among blacks, only really sprang to life after the Second World War. The mass migration of Southern farmers to Northern towns, the death of Depression and prohibition and a growing affluence all contributed to a boom in the production of records and the re-opening of thousands of taverns. This revolution also led to a simplification of musical instruments, successfully killing the careers of the old-time country musicians, who could not hope to compete with the broader, more exciting sounds that suddenly rocked the juke joints.

Sam Houston, Tommy Johnson, Charley Patton and Robert Johnson were undoubtedly the pre-war heroes, but it was to be their disciples who would carry the word across America and eventually, the Atlantic. When the Delta shanties of the post-war era wanted music, they turned to the blues bands of men like Sonny Boy Williamson, Robert Nighthawk, Willie "The Blue Bird" Johnson, and others. These bands, though they played the livelier dance sounds of the day, as tiny radio stations opened up in Mississippi, Arkansas and Missouri, to cater for fresh consumer markets, the R&B band leaders were the first to benefit.

KWEM in West Memphis, WRDX in Clarksville, KFFA at Helena, and WLCN in Birmingham, were among the first stations to introduce R&B to the Southern airwaves, but it was a Memphis station, the powerful WOL, that in Memphis, turned over to total black programming in 1949.

all hell broke loose, sponsored by film merchants, cigarette and patent medicine manufacturers and those who sold farm equipment. Delta blues began to assault the eardrums of all those within a radius of several hundred miles. For the first time ever, local musicians were able to turn their backs on the cotton fields and become full-time professional entertainers.

BB King, Howlin' Wolf, Sonny Boy Williamson, Little Walter, Johnny Ace, Roscoe Gordon, The Turner, Robert Nighthawk, Robert Jr. Lockwood and Shakey, for example, were among the many who benefited from the sudden change and soon record men were taking an interest in their unique talent. By 1952, practically anyone who could pick, pound or blow something had made demo tapes and then came the hits. How many more years by Wolf, Jackie Brenston's "Rocket 88," "Bootee" by Roscoe Gordon and "Three o'clock blues" and oh so many more by BB King. These nation-wide chartbusters that, effectively, killed the Delta blues scene once and for all.

Though unable to save Sun and Ahmet Ertegün to preserve local music in the early 'fifties, neither could keep up with out-of-town competition. As fast as new blues stars were found, someone would pick them up and cart them off to the West or the North. The Delta blues moved to Kansas, St. Louis, Kansas City, Detroit and Chicago and stayed there. 95% saw the last flurry of commercial blues recordings in the South while Elvis Presley hopped and bopped heralding the arrival of a far greater revolution. Thirty years of superb home-grown sounds ended, nothing when the real guitar chase began and within a decade the Delta, virtually stripped of talent, fell silent.

Today, all the great ones are dead and there'll never be another Elmore James, Nighthawk or Sonny Boy. Though Little Milton, Ike Turner and BB King do carry on the traditions in a heavily camouflaged fashion, all good things did come to an end. Thankfully, the best of everything was preserved on wax and in literature, enabling us to at least appreciate just what went on so many years ago.



Recommended reading:

Charley Patton by John Fahey (65p)
Blues From The Delta by Bill Feltz (65p)
Memphis Blues by Bengt Olsson (85p)
Tommy Johnson by David Evans (65p)
The Bluesmen by Sam Charters £1.75

Nothing But The Blues by Mike Leadbiter £3.00
Delta Court by Mike Leadbiter (25p)
Note: All the above are available from Blues Unlimited, 38a Sackville Road, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex

Big Bear Blues

OHNNY MARS
Blues From Mars
DOCTOR ROSS
Live At Montreux
Pa vidor

First there was Juke Blues and now from Polydor the Big Bear Blues series. And the next one right in here, please. Actually I'm very pleased to see all these blues series, but do wish they would keep going for longer than a handful of issues each. Sales again, I suppose. Come on everybody, up off your asses, and buy, buy, buy!

Young, intelligent, highly articulate bluesman only 30 years old. So reads the blurb for Ohnny Mars. I don't know about articulate, but I mean, it's a bloody smashing a player. And the blues not bad too. Between them they produce on his LP some really tight blues, among the best I've heard of the black and white mix. The white supporting black format has certainly been improving lately. Both Muddy Waters and Buddy Guy, junior Wells, and albums were superb, and his completes the trio in tremendous style.

Young Mars plays some fine blues, in a style once his own, and so obviously derivative of the likes of Little Walter, Sonny Terry, Junior Wells and Bobby Bland (for vocals). He has a fine pedigree, having played among greats like Magic Sam, Earl Hooker, Little Fuller, Mike Bloomfield, but wide success avoided him so after 3 years of trying to keep

a hand together, he quit came over this side of the pond, dropped in on the Howlin' Wolf Benefit Night at the 100 Club, and was discovered. Jim Simpson has scooped recording him, and he can hardly have chosen better to launch Big Bear Records. This is truly a superb album, varying between fast and slow with a fine empathy between all the musicians. Messrs. Bruning/Hall have proved themselves in the past couple of years to be over-hyped, and not producing good honest music, who in this case Pat Grover (gtr) and John Hunt (drums) are their equals. Mars himself is never stuck for a happy phrase, and the whole is a joy to listen to. There are a few art-rock numbers, but he's no art-rock composer, talent himself. Should you get the chance to see him, do so. A man who plays with such thought, and imagination, and sheer emotion is not too often found.

Doctor Ross, and another happy player. Good God! Almost only this time in the style of Sonny Boy Williamson (the first) and this time live (though Mars is far from dead). This was recorded at the Montreux jazz festival, 8th June 1972. How the Swiss understood him is beyond me, as it's difficult enough for us to catch the meanings in his jerky intonations. Fortunately his music is universal, as all blues are universal, and transcends all barriers. His personal ivy too, comes across in all, and the power of his happy being, his humour and his playing ability is something that you cannot possibly fight. It is complete & captivating. This album captures it all well, at least on Side

This side is him alone, apart from his guitar, harp, bass.

drum, and his hi-hat cymbal), and his is the warmth and charm that won him so many fans at Birdseye. Playing in the rain, totally unknown to most, that were there, and he scored a tremendous hit. The five members on this side show why we can't help but love him. We are his sick patients, only too pleased to let him operate on us.

The music here is superb and the control of his harp brilliant. Those who have seen him will well know Mama Blues, the talking harp, Mama give me a drink of water, there's the first instrument using the life of a train on Freight Train and elsewhere in rock, boogies and cries. It is almost an extension of himself. Hardly has his mind formulated the note, than it comes, clear and precise, and perfect. It's a pity then that

it is stifled, partly on Side 2, and partly on Side 1, by the warm and charming that won him so many fans at Birdseye. Playing in the rain, totally unknown to most, that were there, and he scored a tremendous hit. The five members on this side show why we can't help but love him. We are his sick patients, only too pleased to let him operate on us.

Recommended listening:
Sonny Boy Williamson Blues Classics (BC 9)
Memphis & The Delta (Blues Classics BC 15)
Have To Put My Face Against You (F 1003)
Fred McDowell Mississippi Country Blues (Arhoolie F 1021)
Mississippi Delta Blues Vol. 1 (Arhoolie F 1041)
Mississippi Delta Blues Vol. 2 (Arhoolie F 1042)
Dr. Ross His First Recordings (Arhoolie F 1065)
Robert Johnson King Of The Delta Blues Singers (CBS M 62458)
Arthur Crudup Father Of Rock & Roll (RCA Victor RD 8224)
Elmore James Ember EMB 3397
Ike Turner (Ember EMB 3395)
Howlin' Wolf (Ember EMB 3370)



Illustration copied off from Paul Oliver's excellent 'The Story of the Blues' (Panorama 1969)

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FILMS

By DAVID JENKINS

It takes great courage to call a movie *Ooh, You Are Awful*, and risk witty critics' cheap cracks. But Dick Emery carries the film to triumph. For, instead of the limply impotent TV to screen transpositions of *Up Pompeii* et al, director Cliff Owen and his tremendous cast have produced a classic British funny about British funny.

A wildly involved story line defies description, with Emery, cast as a con-man to give full play to his masterly mimicry, pursuing the £500,000 he has ripped off an Italian millionaire in return for the hand of Princess Anne, and being pursued by Sid Sahbali, London's leading hood, and the Mafia. Ronald Fraser, excellent as an awfully decent cad, is Emery's partner and blessed with the trait of tattooing the name of every chick he's made across his manly chest; for violating the maidenhood of Sid's sister, he is killed, and with him goes the number and name of the bank account where the bread is stashed. But being a thinking man, he has had the bottoms of his last four lays tattooed with the code. So Emery sets out on a determined search for bum.

One chick is an announcer at Waterloo Station and agrees to have her bum snapped in the 4/- take your own pic machine; one girl, played brilliantly, excellently, etc., by my first-ever girlfriend Julie Crosthwaite—watcher honey, sorry to hear about your marriage break-up—is being married; into the smart marquee steps one photographer holding up his presscard, 'Vogue' he says; another 'Harpers'; Emery, 'Exchange & Mart' and a Barclaycard, enters, crawls beneath the table and snips a hole in the Bridal gown to get a good flash of Julie's (memories are made of this) bum. The last girl turns out to be a PT instructor at a police-woman's training college; so powerful was the sexuality of the scene in the police women's dormitory that I started lusting after a lady cop when I made a brief d&d appearance the next morning at Bow Street.

The film is full of good lines; sharp little jokes as with Emery reading *Papillon* in his cell—and excellent caricatures of British life keep a constant chortle on your lips. As ever, fine British character actors turn in lovely performances, notably Pat Coombes, William Franklyn and Sheila Keith. A lovely lovely by a lovely lovely man. See it, it's a good way to giggle in the New Year.

Fear is the Key is a tale of High Adventure on the Low Seas, an Alistair MacClean saga of man versus machines and the elements. The story speeds along on a splendid level of implausibility, including Suzy Kendall as the puzzlingly Chelsea daughter of a Louisiana oil millionaire, but there's plenty of fierce action.

Bry Newman seems to have kept up the dex and driving since *Vanishing Point*, and puts in an amazing chase in a Ford Ten so, evidently designed to disprove the myth of built-in obsolescence; for he hurtles the car along canal banks, down stony by-roads, across bridges in death-defying leaps over leagues of water, leaving inferior cop cars stranded and their baffled occupants waving disgruntled fists. Not content with such panache, Newman later turns out to be a brilliant bathyscope navigator and uses his amazing skills and defeats the rotten crooks literally at the last gasp, as the oxygen bleeds out of his submarine machine.

So there's plenty of action, a few fights, adulterated sex n violence to get an 'A' certificate, altogether a pleasantly undemanding piece of entertainment for hazy perceptions; but then it's not that different, car-chase excepted from TV. I'd spend my 50p on 'Take A Walk On The Wild Side' myself, but then I'm not really into gear shifts and cam shafts.

There's a huge array of talent in *Images*. Directed by the excellent Robert Altman (Mash, McCabe & Mrs Miller, Brewster McCloud), it houses a terrific performance by Susannah York as the sort of haute-bourgeoise neurotic beauty you can't fail to yearn for. Good supporting acting, a fine score by John Williams, and some nice terror—including electronics from Srumu Yamash'ta. It's good to look at, never dull, the dialogue is as sharp and accurate as Peggie Kray's cigarette punch, but the whole doesn't quite make it for me.

Perhaps I can illustrate its failings by reference to Yamash'ta's electronics. They do frighten and jar, but compared to the phenomenal intensity of menace, evil and violence that Jack Nitzsche, Ry Cooder, Merry Clayton et al produced in *Performance*, it's

a bit weak-kneed. And the same holds true throughout.

Susannah York as Cathryn is going mad; the whole film is seen from her fractured viewpoint of reality, a reality that becomes more terrifying, more violent as she becomes unable to discern the factual and fantastical assaults of her past sex life. Miss York is excellent at portraying a sensitive, intelligent writer of fairy tales, whose surface competence shatters into a lost madness. Her past lovers alternate across her perceptions even as she kisses her photographer husband. Violent sexual fantasies and deaths result. All this is excellent. But the film is contained within a stylistic device of the book *Susannah York* is meant to be writing—and which, in fact, is a fairy tale by her. In *Search of Unicorns*—which is used as an evidently symbolic description of her psychic journey, I find this twice, as also that Miss York is known as Cathryn, which is the christian name of the young girl who plays Miss York's youthful alter ego in the movie, and whose name, hatch, is Susannah.

It's that sort of heavy-handed pointing that slightly mars the film for me. But that's carping, really, for this is an interesting, sensual, beautifully-played movie.

David Jenkins' review of Gold in IT/143 aroused vehement disagreements from the tribe connected with the movie. Whatever its merits or demerits, Gold does attempt to be a message from to and about what used to be called the counter-culture. Seems only fair therefore to give space to this dissident view of the movie by Michael Joseph, LA movie critic.

Those posters of Hippy Dicky promoting *Gold* provide the clue—the movie is a classical piece of satire, a direct descendant of all those Greek, Roman, French, Austrian

and English parodies of State, Monarch and Church that have let repressed majorities blow off steam for twenty centuries. Caligula, Nero, George III, Napoleon, Queen Victoria and Mussolini all ragged at the caricatures of their day. Now it's King Richard's turn—again.

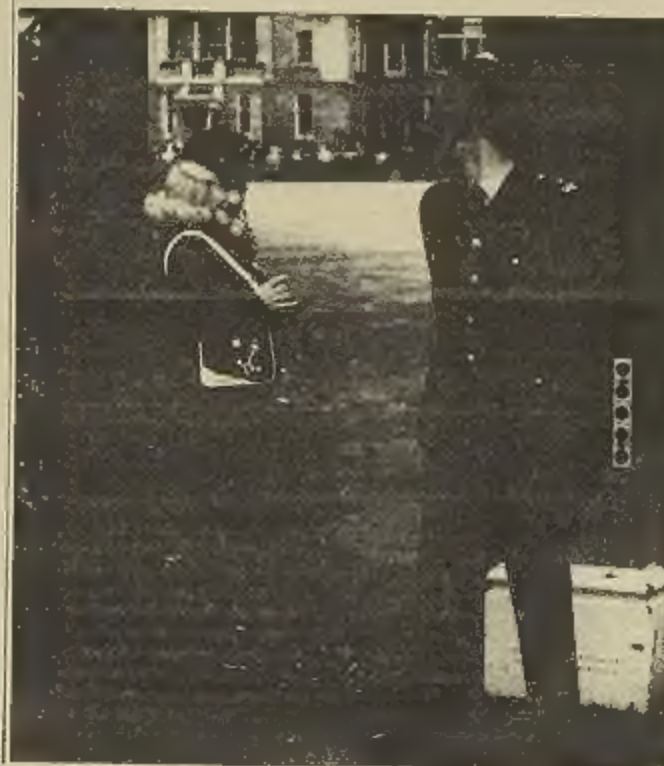
So much for its pedigree. What about *Gold* itself? The story—well, if the shifting patterns in a kaleidoscope tell a story, this one is about a gold strike in the unidentified American outback, but is more the account of a corrupt Lawman's attempt to dominate a community and stifle its natural instincts, with the help of a Mayor he buys to do his dirty work for him. The Mayor freaks out, Lawman murders him, lies about his death, and locks the people in a stockade. Meanwhile, a couple of Revolutionaries escape together enough hardware to rescue their companions, and ride into battle in the best Don Quixote tradition, on a do-it-yourself juggernaut made from every scrap of metal and machinery they can lay hands on.

Unlike his thundering battlewagon, which kills half of its two-man crew, the movie itself trundles along at a rickety, what-the-hell sort of pace. *Gold*, perhaps the first real commune picture, is free of all those ego-trips we got from the makers of *Easy Rider*. And it carries a far, far heavier punch than Mr Hopper's. It has that rough-and-ready feel you got from the prehistoric *Stones at the Crowsfoot*; something of the rawness and attack of *Tyrannosaurus Rex* before the sex-change.

The music track hasn't been laid down as a cynical afterthought, with a few instant hits studded in like sulfanas to lighten the mixture. MCS, David McWilliams and Barry St John have written numbers for specific moments of the story in such a way that their lyrics become an integral part of the narrative, a counterpoint to the action.

Gold is a commentary on the issue of our time: the continuing story of us against them—whoever we are and whoever they are. It doesn't attempt to prophecy. The answers are blowing in the wind, but neither this movie nor any other has so far dealt with them. But as socio-political commentary goes, this one, for all its hayseed and hillbilly humour, makes *Milhouse* look like a public-relations job.

Michael Joseph.



BOOKS

Edited by JOY FARREN.

THE WORST BOOK OF 1971: HOW TO FIND & FASCINATE A MISTRESS (& survive in spite of it all). (NEL £1.50)

A nasty offensive and silly book that I can see no possible reason for publishing. Someone thought it would make money no doubt. Obviously it is not directed at a female market and because of that I gave it to several men to look at. They all found it horrifying and dull. The blurb says "the author has long felt that woman is the stronger sex and that man's feeble claims to superiority are belied by the fact that most of his daily efforts are directly or indirectly devoted to the pursuit of, support of, or escape from a woman." Excuse me while I vomit.

JUDASI
By Peter Van Greenaway
(Y Gollancz, £2.00)

The Gospel of Judas Iscariot discovered in a Palestine desert. The people who learn about the Gospel decide to try and sell it to the Vatican for a million pounds. From then on the action and events become nastier and nastier. A hideously ruthless Dominican monk appears; deaths and destruction follow. A marvellous exciting story, well written and fascinating in its implications. Long after I had finished reading the book I still found myself thinking about it. A good Xmas present for your friendly neighbourhood Christian.

LOTS OF PAPERBACKS:

THE JESUS FACTOR
by Edwin Corley
(Mayflower 40p)

A nice easy to read and interesting thriller about the Atom Bomb. The Jesus Factor of the title is the force that prevents a nuclear bomb from

exploding while in motion. A great deal better than the usual paperback thriller.

A HANDBOOK OF WITCHES
by Gillian Tindall
(Mayflower 35p)

Apart from the strictly scholarly there are, in general, two types of witchcraft books: the reasonably sane, and the grossly distorted. This is one of the first sort and as the author herself states, intended only as a lucid and honest appraisal of witchcraft for the general reader. Bearing this in mind, the book is excellent and a good buy for anyone interested in the occult.

TWO COOKERY BOOKS:

MEATS & ACCOMPANIMENTS
by Bee Nilson
(Mayflower 40p)
THE MARGARET POWELL COOKERY BOOK

(Pan, 35p)

Two straightforward cookery books. Nothing really fancy about either of them: mainly simple easy-to-follow recipes. Both good value in recipes for money. The Margaret Powell book contains some fascinating glimpses of pre-war households as well as many interesting cookery hints. The Bee Nilson book has some very good vegetable recipes, some of which are not often to be found in other cookery books.

INTERVENTION & REVOLUTION
by Richard J. Barnett
(Paladin 75p)

This book is a study of the evolution of US intervention into other peoples' battles. Among the cases examined are Greece, Lebanon, Vietnam and Guatemala. The author was a specialist in international law and is now co-Director of the Institut

ute for Policy Studies, an organisation devoted to research on public policy issues. Worth reading if you are interested in politics. Otherwise it would send you to sleep, not because the content is dull (it isn't) but because of the dry and dull way in which it is presented.

FOR TV ADDICTS: a paperback of Cranford by Mrs Gaskell has been published by Panther at 35p.

THE GRAPHIC WORK OF M.C. ESCHER
(Pan/Ballantine, £1.25)

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**PAINS DE NOEL
(CHRISTMAS BREAD)**

1 lb plain flour / ¼ teaspoon salt / 4 oz marg
½ teaspoon cinnamon / ½ teaspoon mixed
spice / 3 oz sugar / ¾ oz yeast / 3 eggs
1½-2 gills warm milk / 4 oz sultanas
4 oz raisins / 2 oz currants

Sift together the warmed flour and salt; put
in the margarine, add other dry ingredients
(not fruit) to flour and mix to a light dough
with the yeast creamed with a little of the
sugar, eggs and milk. Beat well. Put to rise
to double its size then work in fruit, put
into greased tins (two 6 inch or one 8 inch
or 10 inch) and allow to prove till well up
in the tin. Bake in a fairly hot oven (400°F
-380°F, gas 6-5) for ¾-1½ hours. When
loaf is almost ready, brush over with sugar
and water to glaze. Return to oven for 5 mins.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING SAUCE

2 eggs / ⅛ pint rum or brandy / 1½ oz
castor sugar / ⅛ pint water

Whisk all ingredients in a basin placed over
a pan of boiling water. Whisk vigorously all
the time until sauce is thick and frothy.
Serve at once.

CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS MINCEMEAT

Quick and delicious, you bet.

Put through food chopper using coarse
blade: 1 cup seeded raisins / 3 cooking
apples, cored / ½ orange / ¼ lemon.
Add: ½ cup cider.
Heat to boiling point, simmer for 10
mins and add: 1 cup brown sugar, ½
teaspoon salt / ½ teaspoon cinnamon /
½ teaspoon nutmeg / ½ teaspoon powdered
clove.
Simmer for a further 15 mins.
Enough for 1 pie.
And we all know how to make pastry don't
we, huh?

Uncle Chuckle's CHRISTMAS PUD PAGE

CRANBERRY SAUCE

½ cup cranberries / ¼-½ pint water / sugar
to taste.

Stew the cranberries till soft, using ½ pint
water, adding more if need be. Squeeze
through a sieve or simply carefully mash,
sweeten to taste. For economy, halve
cranberries and add cooking apples instead
to make an excellent sauce.

THE UNCLE'S ROAST CHRISTMAS BIRD

Fill the crop of that bird with your chestnut
stuffing, and the body of that bird with
seasoned sausage meat. Um, truss the bird for
roasting. Cover bird with rashers of bacon,
and roast it in a moderate oven (350°F, Gas 4)
until tender. You'll find 15 minutes per pound
for a bird under 14 lbs and 12 mins per pound
for anything over 14lbs should do it. Baste
well with butter about every 25 minutes or
less, but not removing from oven. Less heat
is lost, but don't worry if yer have a little
stove. Anyway, remove bacon towards end of
cooking to allow breast to brown. Remove
trussing string and serve.

RICE STUFFING FOR CHICKEN

2 oz rice / the liver of the chicken / 1 small
onion / 2 ozs raisins / 2 oz ground or chopped
almonds / 2 tablespoons chopped parsley /
1 oz butter / 1 sprig of thyme / salt and
pepper / 1 egg (optional).

Boil the rice till just tender. Chop the liver
and onion. Mix all the ingredients, mashing
the butter into the mixture with a fork, season
and bind them well together.
Use also for other meat, fish or vegetables.

APPLE AND CELERY STUFFING

2 oz pork sausage meat / 2 onions / 4 table-
spoons chopped celery / 4 medium cooking
apples / 3 oz stale breadcrumbs / 2 table-
spoons chopped parsley / sugar to taste /
salt and pepper.

Brown the sausage in its own fat, lift it out
of the pan, chop the onion in the fat, cook
the onion and celery for five minutes, then
remove them. Dice the apples and in the
same fat fry them till tender and brown.
Mix all ingredients together. Use with duck,
goose or pork.

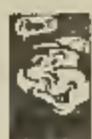
CHESTNUT STUFFING

2 lbs chestnuts / ¼-½ pint stock / 2 oz butter
salt and pepper / a trace of powdered cinna-
mon / ½ teaspoon sugar

Slit the chestnuts and bake or boil them for
20 minutes. Remove shells and skins. Stew
the chestnuts till tender in sufficient stock
barely to cover them. Rub them through a fine
wire sieve. Add the butter, seasoning, flavour-
ing, sugar and sufficient stock to make a soft
dough.

Use for roast turkey, also good with
chicken.

And a very fat grub time to you all, don't
fergit dope is good in anything!!
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Uncle Chuckles
YUM YUM!



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